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551 take further names from any oxen of his herd which delight him. Men salute one another with these names and shower them, with many a fanciful elaboration, on their companions at dances. They also chant them when they display themselves with their oxen in camps, sing them in their poems, and shout them when they spear men, animals, or fish.

551 192 A man may be called by the identical name of his ox, e.g. Bi(l)rial, Kwac(c)uor, Werkwac, and so forth, but generally one part of the term is dropped and the other part is prefixed by a new term, usually descriptive of some ornament worn by the ox or some characteristic of it, not employed in defining its own name, e.g. *luth*, a large bell (Fig. 4), *gier*, a small bell, *luc*, a long tassel, *dhuor*, a short tassel (Plate IV), *wak*, the tinkling of an ox-bell, *lang*, a brass ring attached to an ox's collar or tethering-cord (one can be seen on the animal in the foreground of Plate II), *rol*, bellowing of oxen, *ewai*, fatness, *boi*, shining whiteness, &c. Thus a man whose favourite ox has *rial* distribution of colours may be called Luthrial, Gierrial, Luerial, Dhuorrial, Boirial, and so on. When ox-names are used between age-mates at dances they are generally preceded by dance-names which are selected to harmonise with the ox-names, euphony being considered of great importance in all these word formations. Ox-names are voluminous and abstruse, and in describing them, as in describing cattle-colours, I have not only made a meagre selection from the wealth at my disposal, but have also chosen for illustration the simplest examples and neglected the more obscure.

533 Names of cattle, especially of oxen, and ox-names of men are used profusely in songs. The Nuer, like most pastoral peoples, are poetic and most men and women compose songs which are sung at dances and concerts or are composed for the creator's own pleasure and chanted by him in lonely pastures and amid the cattle in camp kraals. Youths break into song, praising their kinsmen, sweethearts, and cattle, when they feel happy, wherever they may be. I give a free translation of the first verses of two songs, the first sung by girls as they sit together in the evening after the day's work is done, and the second sung by its creator when he is happy.

•539 1. The wind blows *wiranira*,[1]
Where does it blow to?

[1] Literally 'My wind'. The singer runs against it and seems by so doing to add to its strength. This is the north wind which blows at the time of rich

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It blows to the river.
The shorthorn carries its full udder to the pastures;[1]
Let her be milked by Nyagaak;
My belly will be filled with milk.
Thou pride of Nyawal,
Ever-quarrelling Rolnyang.[2]
This country is overrun by strangers;
They throw our ornaments into the river;
They draw their water from the bank.[3]
Blackhair my sister,
I am bewildered.
Blackhair my sister,
I am bewildered.
We are perplexed;
We gaze at the stars of God.[4]

2. White ox good is my mother
And we the people of my sister,
The people of Nyarian Bul.
As my black-rumped white ox,
When I went to court the winsome lassie,
I am not a man whom girls refuse.
We court girls by stealth in the night,
I and Kwejok
Nyadeang.[5]
We brought the ox across the river,
I and Kirjoak
And the son of my mother's sister
Buth Gutjaak.
Friend, great ox of the spreading horns,
Which ever bellows amid the herd,
Ox of the son of Bul
Malou.[6]

It is not necessary to add more examples of cattle-terms and 000

pasture when the cows give plenty of milk: hence the connexion between the first three lines and those which follow them.

[1] The cow has refused to suckle its calf or to be milked before going to graze.

[2] Nyagaak is the sister of the poet. Pride (pwoll) is the dance-name of a girl, Nyawal. Rolnyang is a youth's ox-name.

[3] The strangers are Government forces. The reference to drawing water from the bank is obscure.

[4] Blackhair is a girl's name. The Nuer are perplexed by foreign invasion and the last line is a prayer to God to help them in their adversity.

[5] The ox referred to in the first and fourth lines is the poet's ox. Kwejok is a friend, whose mother is Nyadeang.

[6] Buth is the birth-name of a friend whose ox-name is Gutjaak. The poet, who is a son of Bul Malou, addresses his ox as his friend in the final line.

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Chapter Eleven

NUER FOLK-LORE

538 THE Nuer language is rich in folk-lore. Many tales have been handed down from one generation to another. In these tales the people implicitly believe.

Nuer folk-lore may be classed under four different headings. There are tales which relate to the origin and history of the Nuer tribe; some of these have already been given in the text. There are animal and bird stories. There are tales whose central figure is a sort of ogre; these correspond in part to our own fairy tales. There are also riddles, some of them handed down from generation to generation. Several specimens of animal, bird and ogre stories and a few of the Nuer riddles are given here. On some future occasion it may be possible to print a fuller collection, with the Nuer text.

000 Acknowledgements are due to Mrs. P. J. Smith of the American Mission at Nasser, who has been instrumental in getting the Nuer interested in writing their folk-lore for use in the schools, and to Nyan Yut, who wrote down the riddles for me as 'a present to my sister'.

THE COMING OF FIRE

539 Long ago there was no fire in this place. When men wanted food the grains of dura were pounded one by one until the place in which it was pounded was full. Then the pounded dura was ground, wetted, and put to dry in the sun. When the top dried it was picked off and eaten. What remained dried again after a time and was again picked off and eaten until all the dura was finished.

One day Dog set off on his travels to hunt for fire. He arrived at the village of a snake who was cooking food. When he appeared they said 'Make way for the traveller'

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and moved aside. He sat down by the fire. Suddenly he wrapped his tail round a burning stick and ran away with it swiftly. Snake raced after him, but could not overtake him. He brought the burning stick back with him and gave it to the people saying, 'Blow the fire'. 5390

The people soon cooked their food with fire.

THE STORY OF KIIR

Yul is he who gathered Kiir up in the river.

Yul and his people were travelling when a gourd fell from the heavens with a spear and the skin of an animal. The gourd was very big, higher than the people. Yul said to the people 'You take the gourd.' Everybody feared because the gourd was so big. Yul was not afraid at all. The people who travelled with Yul fled, so he was left alone beside the gourd. He split it open himself, and Kiir came out of it. One side of the gourd had seeds.

Kiir is a sorcerer. Yul said to him, 'We are going to the village.' When Kiir refused to go Yul left him. Kiir is a bad sorcerer and went off alone. When he saw elephants and other animals he would pierce their hearts.

One day the people came to Kiir and besought him. 'Let us go together to the village. We will give you a girl.' At first Kiir would not go, but when the people wearied him with their talk he went. In the village they gave him a girl and he begat children.

Kiir has a family now.

LEST THE EARTH SHOULD QUAKE

Long ago people walked slowly lest quick walking should cause the ground to quake. They kept on doing this. One day a man raced by at great speed. 'You will cause the earth to quake,' they said. But he took no notice of what they said. When the people saw that the earth did

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●539 not quake under his footsteps they walked fast too. The earth did not quake at all.

THE WORDS OF GOD AND OF THE PEOPLE

Long ago God and the people talked together. God asked if they would rather live for ever, or die. The people told God that the earth was growing full of people; it would be better that some should die and make room for those who come after them. God said, 'Oh! All right!'

That day Dog went among the cattle. When he had seen them he went to the village. He cried, 'Did God talk to the people to-day?' They answered 'The people and God talked.'

Dog asked, 'What did he say?' The people replied, 'He told us to choose life or death. The people chose that some might die while others came after them.'

Dog said, 'What did he do?' The people said, 'He threw a stone into the river'. Dog said, 'You show me the place.' They showed him the place. He dived. He brought up a little stone. People are always restored by it.

THE WORDS OF A MAN

A man found snakes fighting one day. As he came near and looked at them he saw that one snake had been killed. He reproved them. He said 'Go away.' The snake gave him a charm saying, 'By means of that charm you will hear all things. When the rat talks, you will hear it. When the cow talks, you will hear it. You will hear everything that is said.' The man passed on. He came to the village.

At night the man's wife locked the house so that there was no open place. All was quite dark. She and her husband lay down to sleep. A mosquito came to the

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door. It examined the house. It found no way in. The mosquito exclaimed, 'They have locked the house very tightly. How can one get in?' The man understood and laughed. 'What are you laughing about?' asked his wife. 'Nothing,' said he. 539.

Again, a rat came. He examined the door. He found it fast closed and left it. He tried the eaves of the house and got in. He searched everywhere. He wanted butter. He found none. He said, 'Oh, where has that woman stored her butter?' The man laughed. His wife asked him, 'What are you laughing about?' He answered, 'Nothing.'

In the morning the man went to his barn. He let the cattle out. When it was nearly milking time his wife came to milk. When she arrived the cow said, 'Of course you come, but you will not milk me to-day. I will withhold my milk. My calf will drink it afterwards.' The man laughed. His wife asked him, 'What are you laughing at?' He answered, 'Nothing.'

The wife left the cow. She returned to the village. Then the calf sucked its mother.

Next day the wife again came to milk. The cow again withheld its milk. In the afternoon the woman's child was ill for want of milk. She brought it to the barn. She talked to her husband. She said, 'That calf will kill my daughter.' The cow interrupted, 'What! My daughter will kill your daughter?' The man laughed. His wife asked him, 'What are you laughing about?' He answered, 'Nothing.'

When it was nearly sunset his wife said, 'I will get a divorce.' She called all the people. They came to her husband's place. They seated themselves. They said to the wife, 'You and your husband talk. We will listen.' The wife talked. She said to the people, 'When we lie down to sleep, my husband always laughs at me without

• 539 any reason. When I ask him why he does it he hides the reason from me. That is why I object to him.'

Then they asked the husband, 'Why do you laugh at your wife? Tell us.' He answered, 'Nothing.' They said again, 'Tell us.' He answered, 'Men, if I tell it, I will die.' They said, 'Tell it, man! Do not hide it.' He replied, 'Oh, men, I will not tell. I will surely die.' They urged him. When he was worn out he told them. He said to the people, 'This is the reason why I laughed when we were lying down in the house. After a while at night the mosquito would talk. It would say, "Who is this woman that has locked up her house so tightly? Where can one get in?" "That is why I laughed."'

The man died, as he had said. The people cried. Some of them dug a grave. As they were about to bury the body a certain snake hastened to the desolate spot. It wrapped itself round the body. It stuck its tail in the nose of the dead man. He sneezed. The people were amazed. Some of them said, 'Is it his god?' Others replied, 'Why ask who it is?' When the man stood up the snake left.

When the man had quite recovered he travelled through the desolate places. He found the snake under a tree. The snake said, 'But why did you tell? Long ago when I gave you that charm I told you it would make you hear all things.' The man replied, 'They urged me, so I told them.' The snake said, 'Oh!' Then the snake gave him another charm saying, 'You will hear the words of the birds which eat the kaffir corn. When a bird eats the kaffir corn in the field you will hear.'

The snake went away.

The man returned to the village. He heard many things. When a bird was eating the kaffir corn, if another bird came near the first one would say, 'Bird! Do not

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come. We will be seen. I am eating quietly. This is my place. Let us separate. The field is large.' After a while another bird would reply, 'What! I shall be found out.' A third would break in, 'How will you get out? Perhaps they will find us.' 'Let him go' cried one bird. 'I am not going,' said the other. The man laughed there in the kaffir corn. 539

When the birds had finished talking he urged them to go. They scattered. The birds were provoked because one bird said to him, 'If you had not come they would not have found me.'

The man always held that snake sacred as his god.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG WIFE

There is a story of a man who married and took his wife to his village. His work was to go out and herd cattle. One day at the edge of the swamp he found an ogre who was dying of hunger. The man had caught an antelope. He beckoned to the ogre, though he knew what he was. He showed him the antelope. The ogre ate of it. Then he drank water. When he had finished drinking he asked the man, 'Did you know who I was a little while ago?' The man replied, 'I knew you were an ogre.' The ogre said, 'Oh! You saw a person that was starved.' 'I was helping a person,' said the man. The ogre replied, 'Oh! I have nothing much to say, but I will show you something.'

He dug up a sweet potato and gave it to the man. The man asked, 'Is there no other?' The ogre gave him one. He ate it. Again he asked the ogre, 'Is there none left?' He was given another. He asked the ogre, 'What is this called?' The ogre replied, 'It is called—what?' He signed to the man with his head. He said, 'This belongs to you alone. Do not show it to the people.' The man went on digging his potatoes.

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0539 When he brought the cattle back to the village his wife gave him mush. He refused it and called some one in to eat it. The next day he went out with the cattle again. He dug up his sweet potatoes again and ate them. He had plenty. When he brought back the cattle his wife brought him mush. He refused it. Every day it was the same.

One day his young wife said, 'People of my village, why does my husband always refuse my food? Why does a man want to marry a wife?' The people replied, 'A man marries in order to have some one to cook his food.' The wife said, 'Now my husband always refuses my food.' The men who were of the same age as her husband said, 'We do not know what he is doing.' They said, 'Tell us,' but he said nothing. They left him there.

Next day the man took the cattle out. His wife followed him. He dug up his potatoes and came to the edge of the swamp to wash his hands. His wife arrived. 'Oh, yes, that is why he always refuses my food. Yet he married me by paying cattle for me. Oh, but your mind is lost.' The wife left. The man was taken aback. He ate what he had dug up. He brought the cattle back to the village.

Next day when he brought the cattle out he hunted for his sweet potatoes, but he could not find them. In the afternoon he went home. He was offered food and ate it. He did not refuse mush again.

THE MAN AND THE CROCODILE

Long ago a man went to the river's edge to get a drink of water. As he put his mouth to the river to drink a crocodile caught him and brought him to its house in the bottom of the river. This house was dry. There was no water in it. The crocodile brought the man in.

The man stayed there. It was not possible for him to

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get away for the dooryard was full of small fish. When he tried to get out the small fish cried. The crocodile on hearing them hurried from wherever he was. The man seeing the crocodile coming would fall to the ground and look forlorn.

One day the crocodile went off to a distant place. The man, taking courage, sprang out of the house. At first he was under the water. When he came to the surface he breathed a very big breath. He gasped a big gasp also. He floated on the top of the water. He reached the land. He sat down for a little.

When he was rested he stood up. He started out. He journeyed. But he did not know that wells had been dug ahead of him. The tops of the wells were covered. They looked like the rest of the ground. As the man went on he fell into a well.

And an elephant came and fell into the well also. It stuck fast in the middle of the well. It did not reach the bottom. The person was in the bottom of the well. The elephant was in the upper part. At first the elephant filled the mouth of the well. There was no open place. Then the man found a small place at the side of the elephant. He put his nose to it. His breath came. So he did not die.

The people, hearing the cry of the elephant in the middle of the village, ran. They arrived. They jumped in, cutting off pieces of the elephant. They cut the whole elephant up. The man was all the time in the bottom of the well. His body was very red from all the blood. When the people had finished skinning the elephant he called to them, 'Children! Oh, men! Take hold of my hand.' The people refused. They said, 'Is it not an ogre?' They left.

One man returned. He said, 'If it is a person I will go and find him.' He came to the top of the well. He asked,

●539 'Are you a person in the bottom of the well or are you an animal?' 'I am a person,' was the reply. The man knew from the voice that a person was speaking. He went to the bottom of the well. He brought the person out. He took him to the river. He was bathed. The man took him to his own place and massaged him with hot water.

The person's body was soon well. He never went away to any other place. He belonged to the man who brought him out of the well.

THE CROCODILE AND THE WHITE FISH

Long ago the crocodile lived in fear of a certain fish. He went some distance away but he and the fish met again. Crocodile passed by at the side. Fish said, 'You are always afraid of me.' Then he added 'Come near to me; see my mouth.'

Crocodile refused because he was afraid. 'You are a big person, Fish, they often tell me you will eat me. That is why I am afraid.'

Fish said, 'Do not fear; I have no teeth.'

'Open your mouth' said Crocodile 'and I will see from a distance.'

Fish opened his mouth. Crocodile looked in. He came close by. He saw no teeth. He said to Fish 'Heretofore I have feared without cause.'

They travelled for a little together. Then Crocodile ate Fish.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FROG AND THE OSTRICH

One day the ostrich had an argument with the frog. The frog said to the ostrich, 'Boy, they always brag about your running. But if you and I ran a race, do you think you could then keep my body in sight?' The ostrich replied, 'Why, man, could you pass me?' After their

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argument the frog said to the ostrich, 'I will name the day for the race. We will choose a rainy day when the water lies in puddles on the ground.' 539

They waited seven days. Then when it had rained all the frogs assembled themselves together. They lined up for a long distance. They had all made a plan. The frog went to notify the ostrich that he was ready.

They raced. After a while the ostrich said, 'Am I not beating the frog?' But the frog who was waiting for him at that place exclaimed, 'Tawt! You cannot beat me.'

The ostrich set off to race again. Again he called to the frog, 'Am I not beating you now?' But the frog who was just ahead exclaimed, 'Tawt! You cannot beat me, man.' This went on until the ostrich was worn out. He was so exhausted that he died.

None would have beaten the ostrich if a plan had not been laid against him.

THE STORY OF THE MONKEYS

God made the monkey somewhat like a person.

They say there are many monkeys in the Garjak country. When the people come to the river the monkeys also assemble there. They sit on the opposite side of the river and they play. Then half of them will go to drink while the others throw clods into the river. When they have finished the others drink while the first lot throw clods. Then the mothers come guarding their children. One will put her child on the ground, dip up water with her hand and give it to her child. After the little monkeys have drunk the mothers drink too.

The young monkeys pull the tall grass. They spend the day chewing it. In the afternoon they come to their village bringing their mothers tall grass. The monkeys go fishing too. They kill very small black fish.

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0539 Then the young ones sit on the river-bank or gather wood while the male monkeys sit down.

The people come to watch the monkeys as they eat. The big person will divide the fish among them all, giving himself some. They will eat. After a while, when they have finished, they go away.

They say that the monkeys dig wild potatoes. They bring them to the river-bank. They roast them. The child will ask the mother, 'Mother, are they not roasted?' The mother will reply, 'They are not roasted yet.' The child will answer, 'Oh!' After a time the child will ask again, 'Mother, are they roasted yet?' The mother will reply, 'Not yet, my child'. After a time the monkeys take out their own potatoes and eat them.

They say that one day the monkeys whipped a Nuer man. They loosened the rope which was round his waist and whipped him with it. They chased him into the barn and went away.

They say that one day when the monkeys were drinking and throwing clods on the river-bank three big male monkeys were the last to go. A crocodile caught one. When they saw that one of them was caught they all threw themselves into the river. They dived, hunting for him. They rose to the surface together in the middle of the river. When they failed to find the captured monkey they came out. One of them cried. It may have been his brother or his wife. One male monkey went to comfort it as it threw itself again and again on the ground.

THE LION AND THE FOX

The lion was very hungry. He saw antelope at night and chased them. When he was near one he sprang upon it, but he fell into a deep well. He was in that well for many days. There was no way to get out of it. It was a slippery

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well. When he tried to get out he fell back. The lion was 539
very much bewildered.

One day the fox came to the top of the well. He stopped. The lion asked him, 'Who are you?' He said, 'I am the fox.' The lion said, 'Oh! son of my sister, come to me.' The fox looked into the well. He said to the lion, 'How did you fall into the well?' The lion said to him, 'I was springing upon an antelope.' He said to the fox, 'Son of my sister, come to me.' The fox said to him, 'How would I get you out, uncle? Would not I fall in?' The lion said, 'I would take hold of your foot.' The fox refused. He went away.

A monkey came. He stopped at the top of the well. 'Who are you?' called the lion. 'I am a monkey,' he replied. The lion said, 'Come to me, son of my sister.' The monkey refused.

The fox heard their conversation. He called the monkey and said to him, 'You help the uncle of a person out.' The monkey was surprised, but he said to the lion, 'How will you get out?' The lion said to him, 'I will take hold of your foot.'

The monkey went down. The lion caught hold of his foot. They came out. Then the monkey said, 'Let go my foot; let us travel. I brought you out, uncle.' The lion said to the monkey, 'I am starved to death. I will eat you, son of my sister. I am absolutely famished. Maybe my body will then be strong! The monkey said, 'Why! Uncle! What! But I brought you out!'

The fox heard their conversation. He did not come near. His words were from a distance. He and the monkey made a plan. He said to the monkey, 'You let the uncle of a person eat you.' He said to the lion, 'The people of the village are resting after work. We will go under the tree in the shade.' The lion came, bringing the

537 monkey with him. They talked. The fox said to the monkey, 'Let the lion eat you. The uncle of a person is utterly famished. But one always eats a monkey in a tree.' The monkey heard the words of the fox gladly. With a spring he was in the top of the tree. The lion was left on the ground. The fox fled.

The lion cried on the ground under the tree; he cried as he went away.

THE FOX AND HIS MOTHER

A long time ago the fox and his mother had a village. The fox often went fishing. In the afternoon he would come home with his catch. He would put the fish on the ground. He would say to his mother, 'Prepare this catch of fish; you cook it.' The mother would prepare the fish and the fox would eat it. The same thing would happen next day. When the fish were cooked he would say to his mother, 'Bring me all the fish and the head and the neck. Bring it all.' The mother would give him all. He ate it. He would leave his mother out.

This went on for a month. He himself ate all the fish. He went fishing, brought his catch home and said to his mother, 'Mother, why is the tail of the fish like this? Bring the other parts and the head and the neck and the gravy. Bring all of it, mother.'

The mother was very thin, resembling a certain very thin fish. When he had finished eating he would call to his mother, 'Mother, mother-of-the-fox, bring water. Your son has had enough.' The mother would hiss. The fox would hear. The fox would say, 'What, mother-of-the-fox, did you hiss at your child?' The mother would say, 'Nothing, my son.' She would go to the river. She would give him the water.

When the mother grew very thin, she went to a woman

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called Nyajwani. Nyajwani knew how to plan all kinds of things. The mother-of-the-fox said to Nyajwani, 'My sister, my child is killing me. My son has no consideration. Show me what to do.' Nyajwani said to her, 'Go to the forest. Bring gum from the tree. I will show you a plan. You will surely be healthy after to-day.'

Mother-of-the-fox brought the gum. She gave it to Nyajwani. Nyajwani formed a very nice woman, a very red woman, she put beads in her ears and she put anklets on her legs also. She made her out of gum. She was a very good woman who had never had children yet. When she was finished Nyajwani created a name for her. She called her Nyahuac.

That day the fox went fishing. They gave Nyahuac to the mother-of-the-fox. The mother brought her to the house. She spread a mat and put her sitting on it. In the afternoon the fox brought in fish. He threw them on the ground and called his mother. 'Mother-of-the-fox, cut up that catch of fish.' His mother said to him, 'Oh, my son, there is a traveller at the village, a woman who refuses to live with her husband. She says "My husband is the fox!" The fox exclaimed, 'I told you to hurry with the fish so that the guest may eat.' His mother answered, 'Oh!' She roasted the catch of fish. She offered it to the fox. The fox refused. He said to his mother, 'I know, mother-of-the-fox, that I am ashamed to eat in front of my sweetheart. Give the fish to the guest.' Mother-of-the fox brought the food into the house and ate it herself. Every time fish was cooked she offered it to the fox, but he refused to have it. Mother-of-the-fox brought it again into the house. Mother-of-the-fox ate it.

Mother-of-the-fox got so fat that her skin was very smooth. When she knew that she was fat she said to the fox, 'My son, to-day you and your wife may visit. I will

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●537 tell you one thing, my son. Do not whip the daughter of the Nuer. This one has a very tender skin. Do not harm her.' The fox answered. 'Oh!'

Late that afternoon the fox went to the house. When he went into the house he said to Nyaluac, 'Blow the fire.' She was silent. The fox said, 'I will blow the fire in the house of my mother.' When he had blown the fire he said to the woman, 'What is it?' She was silent still.

He pushed her with his club. The club stuck. He tried to pull it back and thought that the woman perhaps had caught it. He said to her, 'Let my club alone.' The woman was silent. He said, 'What! Have you not heard that I always whip a guest? I am the fox.' He said again to the woman, 'Do you want to be whipped. Are you not a guest? Let go of my club.' The club fell of its own accord. He again pushed the woman with the club. 'What 's the matter?' The club again stuck in the body of the woman.

The fox again said to Nyaluac, 'But why are you always holding my club? Let it alone, if you are really like the daughter of a man.' The woman was silent. The fox did not know that the woman was formed of gum. He took his raw-hide whip. He struck the woman across the back. Her back broke.

The fox fled.

THE FOX AND HIS BROTHER TUTLIET

The fox said to Tutliet, 'My brother, we will go and hunt us a cow.' His brother replied, 'O, yes.' They took their weapons. They started out. They arrived at a certain village and entered it. It was a village of the ogres. They went to the barn. Tutliet found a cow. He called the fox, 'Come, here is our cow.' The fox replied,

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'Brother, that is not our cow. But come.' Tutluet came, but that cow was an ogre. 539

They started out. Tutluet led the cow while the fox drove it. The sky was clouded. The clouds opened. The fox saw the anger of the ogre. Tutluet said, 'My brother, I will come. Drive our cow.' While Tutluet led the cow the fox stole away.

When the ogre was worn out, he asked Tutluet, 'A while ago, when you came and brought me away, did you know whether I was a cow or a wild animal?'

Tutluet fled. He tripped and fell. The ogre caught him. He said to Tutluet, 'No, I will not eat you. But it is different with your brother. I will hunt for his body, that fox.'

The fox meantime hurried to the village and began to play the fiddle in his house. The ogre came to the door. 'Village of mother-of-the-fox,' he called, 'I am waiting at your house.' The fox knew his voice. He said to his mother, 'Mother, what shall we do?' His mother replied, 'My son, what shall we do?' He said to his mother, 'Put me in the big gourd.' His mother said, 'Can you get in?' He said to his mother, 'I can get in.' They hung the gourd up high.

The ogre waited outside the house. He asked mother-of-the-fox, 'Where is the fox?' Mother-of-the-fox said to him, 'Where could he be here in the house?' The ogre said to her, 'Who played the fiddle? Did you know how to play the fiddle long ago?' Mother-of-the-fox said, 'If the fox came into this house there is no place where he could hide himself.' The ogre said, 'Tell me at once where he is.' Mother-of-the-fox replied, 'I do not know.'

The ogre said to mother-of-the-fox, 'I will not leave without a gift in my hand. What is in that gourd?' Mother-of-the-fox said, 'Beans which I will plant in the

14: Huffman M-5 (no date) 1931
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•537 spring.' The ogre said, 'Is it full?' She said, 'It is full.' Mother-of-the-fox hesitated. The ogre exclaimed, 'No, give it to me at once.' She stood up. She gave it to him.

The ogre left. He talked to himself as he went along the path. 'That god of the village of mother-of-the-fox! Why! I left empty-handed without finding a thing.' The fox spoke. 'Where are you taking the ground which belongs to the village of mother-of-the-fox? Let it down to the ground slowly.'

The ogre exclaimed, 'God, wait. I will let it down slowly.' He put it down and fled.

Then the fox exclaimed, 'Let us each catch a person.' They turned back to back. The fox ran to his village and the ogre to the ogres. The fox said, 'You, ogre, measured yourself against me. Did you find my cleverness?'

RIDDLES

525 1. Guess what are the red dates which are in the sky but never fall?
(*Answer*) They are stars.

2. Guess what tree it is which stands in the middle of the river but never goes under the water?
(*Answer*) It is a lotus.

3. Guess what is a fat woman?
(*Answer*) It is a window.

4. Guess what is a red homless cow but its horns are of skin?
(*Answer*) It is a dog.

5. Guess what tree it is that has many heads but never climbs?
(*Answer*) It is kaffir corn.

6. Guess a red thing which carries its horn?
(*Answer*) It is a scorpion.

16: Evans-Pritchard E-5 (1931, 1936) 1956
FJ22 Nuer FJ22

life a man, his character is changed. The man is hollowed out by Spirit to receive it. In this sense *guong* is complementary to *kwath*, inspiration to extirpation.[1]

Prophets may perform sacrifices on behalf of individuals or of the people of their neighbourhoods in times of sickness, for barrenness, and on other occasions when spiritual aid is required, but the main social function of the leading prophets in the past was to direct cattle-raids on the Dinka and fighting against the various foreigners who troubled the Nuer from the northern Sudan. For the most part the air-spirits are conspicuously associated with war, and Nuer prophets are chiefly regarded as the medium through which God gives orders to fight and victory. The spirits accompany the warriors to battle.

Before Nuer set off for any large-scale fighting against strangers their prophets made sacrifice and sang hymns to the spirits of the air while the warriors, kneeling on one knee and with the points of their spears resting on the ground, sang the responses. The same posture is adopted by warriors in making the responses to these songs when they are sung by a song-leader on ceremonial occasions. Also people, generally and perhaps always under a prophet's direction, sing hymns to the spirits on occasions of sickness and of other troubles; though Nuer say that they sometimes sing the hymns, as at dances, 'just to be happy with the son of God'. Unfortunately I did not have the opportunity to record more than a few verses of these hymns.

I give below a short hymn to *kuk*. It is known all over Nuerland and is therefore probably earlier than most hymns. It is sometimes sung at mortuary ceremonies, and it is also sung before fishing harpoons are begun, on account of the spirit's association with rivers and streams.

Mother of *deng*, the sons (the Nuer) ransom their lives from thee,
Mother of *daughter*, the sons ransom their lives from thee,
The mother of *daughter* brings life,
The mother of *daughter* brings me life,
Life is revived,
She brings life and our children play,
They cry aloud with joy,
With the life of the mother of *deng*, with the life of the mother of *deng*.

([Should be explained, see Nyoka, vol. 116.]

SPIRITS OF THE ABOVE

The *gini* crows are given life and are filled.[1]
Our speech is good, we and *buk*,
Our speech is excellent,
The country of the people is good.
We journey on the path of the *puke*.[2]
We are here, we and *buk deang*,
Buk, mother of *deng*, the ears ransom their lives from thee,
Mother of *daughter*, the ears ransom their lives from thee.
We give thee red blood.
The ears of *deng* are simple people, they do not understand how their lives are supported.
Let all the people of the cattle camps bring tobacco to the river.

The general sense of this hymn is that *buk* protects the people from dangers and gives them life. Protection and life are given them in exchange for oblations of animals (the red blood) and tobacco. I give the opening verses of another hymn, which appears to be addressed to both *deyim* and *mani*. It is a war hymn, although I heard it myself at a ceremony in western Nuerland held in honour of a person killed by lightning.

Stars and moon which are in the heavens,
Blood of *deng* which you have taken,[3]
You have not consumed the ears of *deng* capriciously,[4]
Blood of *deng* which you have taken,
The wing of hornbills on the river bank is encircled by plumes,[5]
Deyim, son of God, strike the British to the ground,
Break the crossover on the Nile and let the British drown,
Kill the people on the mountains,[6]
Kill them twice.[7]

[1] The *gini* crow is *buk* (p. 84).
[2] This is not a Nuer word but the Arabic *juki*, a fakir or holy man. In Nuer the word is used for an Arab public or merchant. The use of the word in this hymn, probably one of the oldest Nuer hymns, is further evidence of the late introduction of these spirits into Nuerland.
[3] Dinka blood on Nuer spears.
[4] The spirits which commanded the Nuer to raid the Dinka through the mouths of their prophets did not consume them in vain. The raid was successful. The ears are the Nuer.
[5] When warriors are circled up for battle the prophet runs along the flanks shouting encouragement to them and waving his spear decorated with ostrich plumes.
[6] The people of the Dinka hills.
[7] May them two years in succession.

16: Evans-Pritchard E-5 (1931, 1936) 1956
FJ22 Nuer FJ22

SPIRITS OF THE ABOVE

Do not slay them jestingly.[1]
Mani goes with a rush,
He goes on for ever,
The sons of Jagei are proud in the byres,[2]
Proud that they always raid the Dinka.

I do not know the time or circumstances of composition of this hymn, but as it not only exults in defeats of the Dinka and asks for victory over the people of the Nuba hills but also demands the destruction of the British it must be fairly recent and probably dates from the early days of British occupation of the Southern Sudan. Dr. Lienhardt has recorded a hymn about *deng* which vividly suggests the mobility of the spirits of the air and the ubiquity of Spirit. A man says he is tired of the demands made by *deng* and that he will move. But *deng* replies

A man avoiding *deng*
Will find *deng* in front,
On the right he will find *deng*,
On the left he will find *deng*,
Behind him he will find *deng*.

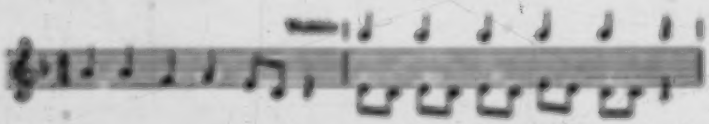
In another hymn he recorded there is a metaphor in which protection of the people by *deng* is compared to the coiling of a python around its young. These hymns are, I believe, always the creations of prophets, and Nuer say that they come to them in dreams, unlike ordinary songs or poems which men construct for themselves when idling, as when herding in the grazing grounds. We need not concern ourselves greatly with their word to word meaning. Nuer do not do so, or even know it, and the songs may be sung on occasions which in no way concern the particular spirits they are addressed to and for which the words have no relevance, the songs merely serving to create atmosphere and to express a general sense and intention. I have been told that the hymns sometimes come to a prophet through a drum, called *bul kwoth*, spirit's drum, dedicated to his spirit, which is thought to be in some way immanent in it. These drums, which are beaten at dances held in honour of the spirits to which they are dedicated, are formally dedicated by being rubbed with ashes, in the same

[1] He may strike with them but strike them hard.

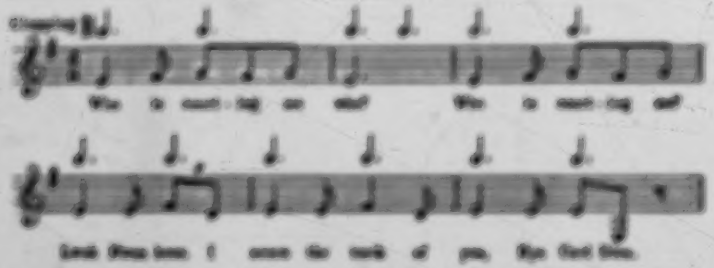
[2] The Jagei are a small group of Nuer tribes but since the Nuer believe that they were created in their territory the word probably here refers to the Nuer as a whole.

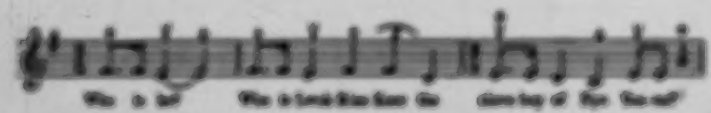
Third movement: The boys all shout together "Open and shut, Open and shut!" At the word "Open," all the toes are bent backwards, at the word "Shut" they are all bent forwards, so that the centre square of toes looks like some great black mouth opening and shutting itself.

Fourth movement: Keeping their feet and toes still, the boys wriggle their knees rapidly up and down. I was unable to get the words of this song, but the tune is as follows:—



These movements can occur in any order, according to the will of the song-leader.

1. Most girls are fond of ring games, but there is little action in those that I have seen. The girls kneel in a ring; one will sing a song of about three lines, and the rest repeat it, clapping their hands. Then the girl next to her takes up the song, corresponding upon the same theme with a view to securing a "hit" off one of those present. If she succeeds, she is greeted with yells of approval, and all join lustily in the chorus, while the third girl endeavours her turn for the inspiration necessary to sing this verse if possible. These witticisms usually be around the names of friends or bear some obscure reference to well-known incidents, with the result that an investigator without intimate knowledge of the children's daily affairs finds the songs unintelligible. This is one of the verses:

In the following song the voice rhythm (indicated ♪) differs markedly from the clapping rhythm (indicated ♩):



T/Tucker E-6 (1909-1913) 1911 P311 Sketch P311
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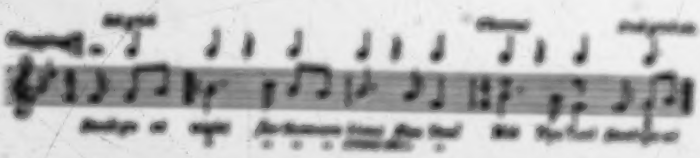
P313 Mills

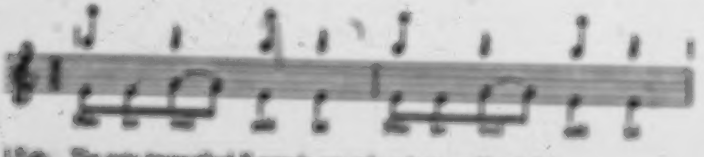
A. N. Tucker.—Children's Games and Songs in the Southern States. 1911

The following singing game requires rapid thought and good memory. Each girl in turn has to think of a different animal's name, the one being not to repeat the name a previous girl has sung:—



2. *Ring o' Roses.* There are many games which comprise some chanting or reciting in a ring. In the following Wales game the players first dance round in a ring, holding hands, singing:—

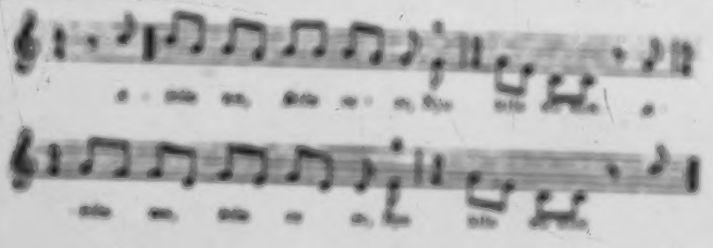
Then, with a change of the music, they swing their right legs over their arms, and hop round until they fall down. (*See* Fig. 2, pl. 311.)



[*Note.* The note transcribed B sounds somewhere between B and B♭.]

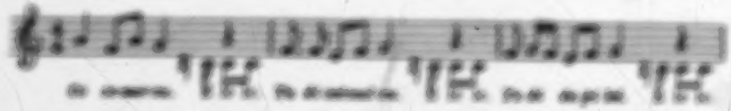
3. A popular form of "Ring o' Roses" is played as follows. The ballad contains four verses, but the words of the song have no decipherable meaning. (*Here again I heard a game which was difficult to place. I have transcribed it sometimes E and sometimes B♭.*)

First movement: The players stand in a circle with hands on each other's shoulders, and sing as they step:—



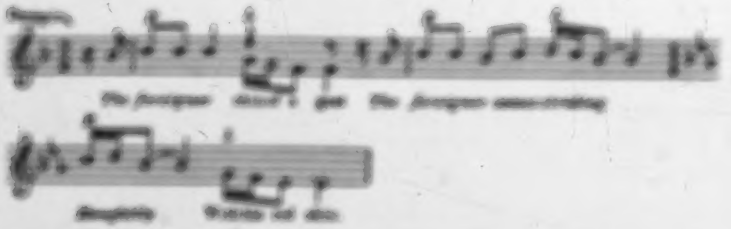
Love Knots.

19. *Hide and Skip.*—The Nunn have a form of this game of which the details are rather vague. The children stand in two lines, facing each other, some dozen yards apart. A member of one line advances towards the other line with a peculiar prancing step, waving his hands above his head, singing:—

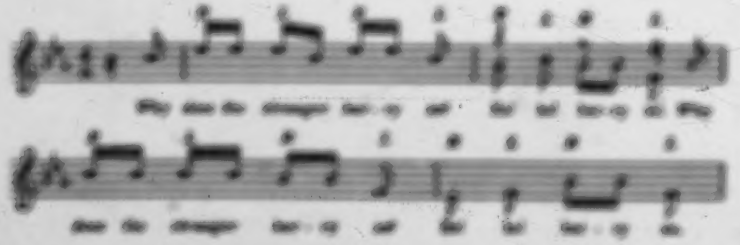


(The words, so far as I could make out, are meaningless.) He singles out a member of the other side and chases him round both lines and back to his place. What happens if he catches him I could not find out.

The following Skiltak version is evidently a recent invention, and probably confined to the particular group of Skiltaks I was studying. The boys line up in two ranks, as if for "Hide and Skip." One line advances towards the other, marching slowly to "green away" (see Fig. 4, Pl. XVI), while the other line recedes, both sides singing:—



Then the song is repeated, while the other line advances, and so on, to and fro, several times. Suddenly the pace is doubled; the boys running still legged, close advancing trying to look the shape of those who are retreating. The song now is:—



As before, on every repetition the direction is changed.